Nocturnal Beast or Chipped Teacup

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Nocturnal Beast or Chipped Teacup

by glitchpest (filthypest)

Summary

Will is late to an appointment with Hannibal after being on a date. They discuss it and the evening goes in a very different direction than Will originally thought that it would.

Notes

I haven't decided if this is going to be a multi-chapter fic or not yet. Let me know your thoughts!

It was currently nearing 7:45 p.m. Will looked at the clock on the dash of his car and as he anticipated, was late for his appointment with Hannibal. However, he was almost there, so he wouldn't be any later than 8:00 p.m. He figured that being late a half hour would be better than not showing up at all (given Hannibal's 24-hour cancellation policy). Plus, Will didn't appreciate when people were late himself. He felt that it was unfortunate that being late had become a more frequent occurrence for him in recent months. Thus, he was breaking his own philosophy.

As he pulled up, his suspicions were confirmed. It was just before eight. He exited his vehicle and shuffled himself inside, knocking on the door to the doctor's office. There was a muffled "come in" from the other side.

Will opened the door and awaited Hannibal's comments about his tardiness, taking this time to pace around the room a little, using his eyes to poke around and see if anything had changed since his last visit,

"Will." Hannibal stated.

"I know." Will replied before Hannibal had the chance to finish his sentence.

"What kept you this evening?" Hannibal inquired anyway, crossing his legs in the chair, waiting for Will to sit down.

Despite asking this question, he could feel Hannibal's eyes on him, analyzing him just as Will had done to the very room they were in. Will suspected that he already knew the answer since he had managed to dress more put together than he usually was.

"I.." Will chuckled and finally sat down in his usual spot across from Hannibal. "I actually had a date earlier."
It felt ridiculous coming out of his mouth. After whatever that had been with Alana, he attempted to put himself out into the world of dating, landing his first successful date since beginning said quest.

Going on dates for anyone wasn't ridiculous in itself, but with Will noticing his mental state deteriorating more with each passing day, he didn't feel like it was an obtainable (or reasonable) thing.

"Tell me about it. How did it go?" Hannibal asked.

Will sighed and removed his coat, draping it over himself. "It.. It was fine. She wasn't a bad person. We shared a drink and discussed the usual stuff. Life, family, whatever.." He paused. "She did most of the talking."
Hannibal tilted his head ever so slightly. "You sound upset."

Will chuckled. "Well, yeah. It's not like I could unload my life off on this poor unsuspecting woman. Who wants to hear about how I live alone in a house in the woods with six dogs?"

“On the contrary, I think that’s an excellent talking point. Maybe she would have asked more about them. Women like men who care about animals.”

Will shook his head. “It doesn’t matter. I don’t think I’m going to go out with her again, even if she were to ask. Which, I’m not even sure she will.” He then noted the soft classical music playing that he hadn’t noticed when he walked in. He had to push aside the small part of him that thought he might be hearing things. “What is that?”

“It’s Bach.” Hannibal stated plainly.

“It’s.. nice.” Will replied, relieved that it wasn’t a figment of his imagination.

“Is there more of a reasoning behind not wanting to see her again other than you just don’t want to?”

Will took a deep breath, trying to compose his thoughts in a way that would make some sense to the man before him. “She was perfectly nice, smiled a lot. She looked like she actually put in effort to be there with me, but.. I.. I kept thinking of something… and someone else.”

He leaned back in the chair and fiddled with some of his coat buttons. Despite the room’s size, Will felt unusually claustrophobic. It felt like the paintings were staring at him, poking at his insides with a hot skewer.

“Someone else?” Hannibal asked.

Will ignored Hannibal’s question at first, internally debating whether or not to continue further. “We went to this nice restaurant. It was nearly out of my price range, but she offered to pay for her half plus the tip.”

Hannibal simply nodded and allowed Will to continue with what he was saying.

“She was talking and I felt myself… zoning out. I thought about how this other person would feel about this restaurant and what it would have been like if they had been there with me instead."

"How long has this other person been occupying your thoughts?" Hannibal asked, jotting something down on a notepad, which Will thought was a little unusual.

"A while now. Probably since before Alana even, but I didn't think about them as much then. I tried to avoid allowing myself the temptation at any cost."

Will stood again and climbed up the ladder near the window and leaned against the railing, the restless feeling making itself known again. "Still, here I am… Too many thoughts."

"If you wish, describe them to me in enough detail that I can thoroughly picture them in my head. Get some of the thoughts out." Hannibal then stood as well, putting Will's coat on the coat rack and walking over to the window.

"They… Don't see me as a nocturnal beast or some chipped teacup as far as I’m aware. I appreciate the sentiment." The books on the shelf seemed really appealing at this point. Will

wanted to be as vague as possible despite Hannibal's request.

"Being chipped doesn't always mean broken, Will." Hannibal stated, looking out the window for a few moments.

"Now you sound like a poet." Will stifled a little chuckle and grabbed a book off the shelf about personality disorders, flipping through it nonchalantly.

"It's important for you to know." Hannibal said, tidying some drawings on his desk while waiting for Will to come down. "Did you need anything to drink?"

Will tucked the book back into its home on the shelf and climbed down the ladder. "I wouldn't mind tea."

"Earl grey, decaf earl grey, chamomile, green…" Hannibal paused for a moment. "I believe I have jasmine somewhere as well."

"Decaf earl grey is fine." Will stated. He was usually more of a coffee person than tea, but it was creeping later in the evening and the last thing he needed was to be perked up by caffeine.

As Hannibal finished fiddling with the papers on his desk, several of them fluttered off and on to the ground; a mixture of both drawings, shopping lists, and other odd notes from the evening previous. He had meant to clean them up that same night, but was preoccupied with dinner.

Will gathered them back up and saw that the top one was actually a drawing of him with his glasses on. He was posed in the very chair that he sat in for their sessions, a small smile upon his face. The smile was beautifully drawn, but out of place. Will couldn’t remember the last time that he genuinely smiled.

"Is this… me?" He asked, though he already knew the answer. Hannibal was too good of an artist for it to not be Will. He just wanted to hear it from the doctor himself.

"It… Yes. It is." Hannibal said, retrieving the stack of paper (drawing included) from Will and tucking it into one of his desk drawers.

"My only complaint is that I don't look sleep deprived." Will said.

"I didn't feel like it was necessary to you as a whole." Hannibal replied, going to procure Will's tea.

Will noted that Hannibal’s demeanor had shifted ever so slightly, but wasn’t sure how to place it. Will ignored the thought then made his way back to the chair once more, hesitantly sitting in it despite his urge to do anything but sit still.

A few moments later Hannibal returned with the warm beverage and handed it to Will. "Does it bother you? The drawing, I mean."

"No," He said, taking a sip of the tea. There it was. Hannibal was upset that Will had seen the drawing. "I'm only bothered by the fact that it actually looks better than I do."

Hannibal returned to his place across from Will and returned to his notepad. "I don't believe that's true, but regardless… Continue describing this person to me."

Will took another sip then set the cup down on the end table beside him. "It's… I don't know. This person occupies my every waking thought. From the depth of their eyes and cheekbones to the distinct light ash color of their hair… It almost sickens me." Will paused. "I don't know if it's a good kind of sick."

"Why would it make you feel sick, Will?" Hannibal asked.

"They'd never reciprocate whatever it is that I'm feeling." Will replied, already feeling like he's said too much. "I imagine their skin on mine, hands wherever they wanted them to be. It's a lot."

"Craving intimacy is human, Will." Hannibal's focus was fully on Will now, appearing to be taking in every word he said.

"The relationship is…" Will internally begged himself not to continue speaking. "It's professional. It should stay that way. Plus, I've never really felt this way about a man before. Not really, anyway. Not this intense."

Will had officially said too much at this point. He'd never mentioned the subject of him being interested in men to anyone before. Granted, he knew that Hannibal wouldn't speak a word of it outside this room unless asked, but it felt like a really big deal.

Hannibal wrote a couple more things down then stood and brought himself in front of Will's chair, an achingly close distance away.

That's when Will heard the words leave Hannibal's lips. He really was convinced that he was hearing things now.

"What if he returned the sentiment?"

Will felt like his throat was closing shut as Hannibal came in closer proximity. "I'd only feel like he was humoring me."

Hannibal leaned down to Will's level and Will noticed the distinct scent of Hannibal's cologne. It was rare that the man was close enough for him to smell it, but when he was it was intoxicating. It was usually when they were both at a crime scene, scooting around all the other people there. On occasion, it got crowded.

Hannibal's hand was wrapped around Will's, index and middle finger extended to his wrist. He moved them in small circles across the veins there before pushing them down gently, feeling his pulse.

"Your heart is beating fast." Hannibal said, moving the hand to Will's knee instead.

Hannibal's face was awfully close to Will's now, close enough that Will could smell the slightest scent of wine on his breath. It was really sweet.

"You are not a nocturnal beast nor a chipped teacup." Hannibal continued, echoing Will's own words from earlier. He brought his face close enough to ghost his lips over Will's without actually placing a kiss there.

The point of contact between Hannibal's hand and Will's knee felt like lava pulsing in his veins. All he wanted was more of it, but wasn't really sure of how to ask.

Hannibal must have read his thoughts as he was the first to finally close the distance between them, using his free hand to guide Will's face toward his.

Will couldn't help but let out the softest of moans, placing one of his free hands on top of the one that Hannibal had on his knee. Hannibal's hands were unbelievably warm and Will felt like he was going to evaporate even though he had barely been touched..

After parting, Hannibal nudged Will's head to the side with his own, tilting it to give him access to the profiler's neck.

Hannibal placed his lips on the delicate flesh there, feeling Will briefly tense beneath him at the action.

"You are breathtaking, Will." Hannibal stated in response, taking the skin into his mouth sucking it gently, but enough to leave a mark and then biting it with his teeth.

Will moaned louder than he probably should have, gripping Hannibal's back through his suit jacket with one arm and using the other to cover his mouth. It was now that he realized how touch starved he truly felt.

Hannibal turned his gaze back up toward Will for a moment. "You can be as loud as you want, Will. There's nobody here. You're my last appointment for the evening."

Will nodded and undid a couple buttons on his shirt, letting it rest a little further down on his shoulders, allowing Hannibal better access to his collarbone.

Hannibal brought his lips back to Will's again for a moment before returning to his neck. He obliged him by taking the skin near his collarbone into his mouth, sucking a mark on it.

Will shuddered and subsequently leaned back on the chair, wondering what Hannibal would do if he grabbed his hair. It always looked so kempt, looking like it was begging to be pulled.

He brought the doctor's face to his own for a third time, parting his lips and allowing Hannibal to explore further into his mouth. He tried desperately to not make anything that sounded too unholy.

Hannibal's hand made its way to Will's thigh, tracing his hand from the outer edge to just before the base of his cock.

"May I touch you, Will?" He asked, not moving the hand further until given permission to do so.

"Yes… Please." Will responded, cock twitching at the proximity.

Hannibal divulged Will and ran his hand along the shaft through Will's pants, finding that he was already achingly hard.

Will gripped Hannibal's shoulder and whispered some curses under his breath as the doctor worked his hand from the shaft to the base near his balls.

"Hannibal… Please." He demanded, coming off as way more needy than he wanted to, noting this was one of the first times he had used the doctor's first name.

"So eager… It pains me to know how much time we have wasted." Hannibal commented, undoing Will's belt and zipper, pushing them aside only as much as needed to free the profiler's cock.

The simple touches were already almost too much for Will and he found himself resisting the urge to rock his hips against Hannibal's hand. He then returned his hand to his mouth, hating how undone he was already becoming.

"Will, let me hear you. You sound so lovely." Hannibal then wrapped his fingers around the shaft itself, gently pumping Will's cock in a poised rhythm.

"Fuck… Fuck…" Will said, finally taking the plunge and moving his hand into Hannibal's well-kept hair. "Fuck.. Oh my god."

Will watched a small smirk make its way across Hannibal's face through his own half-closed eyes as the man fully dropped down onto his knees, positioning himself between Will's legs.

His mouth was around Will's length now, the warmth causing Will to instinctively buck his hips ever so slightly. He was continuously finding out just how warm every single part of Hannibal was. It was intoxicating.

Hannibal worked in small movements on Will's cock, taking in close to the entirety of its length and fondling the profiler's balls through his jeans.

Will could feel his orgasm already near the surface, not wanting this to end as quickly as it started. "You.. Fuck you have to stop or I'm going to cum."

Hannibal stopped, almost looking disappointed. "What else would you like of me, Will?"

"I need you inside me. God, I need to feel your heat. You're so warm, Hannibal I don't want it to end so quickly." Will demanded, a look of eagerness evident on his face.

Hannibal nodded, getting up off his knees then taking Will's hands, guiding him over to the couch that patients rarely seemed to use due to the fact that it looked too much like a stereotypical "therapy" couch.

“I need you on your hands and knees.” Hannibal stated, much less like a statement and more like a command, one that Will was eager to follow.

He did just as Hannibal asked and rested his hands against the headpiece of the couch, ass facing toward Hannibal. He could feel Hannibal’s eyes scanning across him as he did so.

The doctor then got on the couch behind Will, pulling the man’s pants down enough just to expose what he needed. After doing so, he brought his hand in front of Will’s face, fingers curled together.

“Suck.” Hannibal stated, rutting his own clothed erection against Will’s entrance ever so slightly.

Will did as he was told and took the fingers into his mouth, eagerly wetting them with his saliva. After a few moments of doing this, he released them back to Hannibal who proceeded to push one of them against the tight muscle.

“Ah.. Hhnn.” Will bellowed his hands tightly gripping the couch in an effort to stop himself from shaking too hard.

Slowly Hannibal worked the first finger inside, allowing Will’s body to become used to the sensation at its own pace. Once he felt that Will could handle a second finger he did so, moving them both in and out as well as a slight scissoring motion.

Will shook even more, moaning more expletives, doing his best to stay together until Hannibal had filled him entirely to the brim.

Hannibal cooed ever so slightly, leaning down to place a kiss against the side of Will’s face. He then removed the fingers, making Will whine at the loss of warmth.

“Patience, Will.” He stated before removing himself from the couch for a brief moment to retrieve some lube from the bottom drawer of his desk. Will decided not to question why it was there in the first place.

Hannibal undid his belt, pulling it off and discarding it aside. He then removed his own cock from his pants. “If it hurts too much, please tell me.”

Will nodded in response.

Hannibal pressed some lube onto his cock and lined himself up at Will’s entrance, gently pushing bit by bit until fully sheathed inside. He was right, it did hurt, but Hannibal gave Will a moment to adjust and made it as comfortable as possible for the profiler.

“Is that alright Will?” Hannibal inquired, not moving until Will gave him explicit permission to do so.

Will nodded, holding back a moan to get the words out. “Mmmn.. Mhm.”

Hannibal started moving his hips, not fast at first. Once he found a consistent rhythm he braced one hand on Will’s hip and the other made its way up Will’s half-buttoned shirt. He

ran his hand across one of his nipples, tugging at it gently as he thrust in and out.

Will allowed his eyes to flutter shut and he bent down a little more, arching his back to give Hannibal a better angle to work with.

His moans were louder than earlier, but still rather reserved.

“Will,” Hannibal moaned. “You are so beautiful.”
The profiler’s cheeks flushed even more so than they were already. He didn’t necessarily believe what Hannibal had just told him, but it still made it feel amazing to hear.

Will’s orgasm crept up on him again and he couldn’t hold back this time. “H..Hannibal… Fuck. I’m going to cum. Please… Hah.”

He shuddered and felt himself spill out onto the couch in front of him, hoping that it wouldn’t stain Hannibal’s furniture as everything in here looked more expensive than anything Will owned.

Hannibal’s own orgasm was upon him and as Will felt it coming he pushed Hannibal’s full length inside him up to the hilt. “God.. Please. Hannibal, cum inside me.”

Hannibal let out a stifled moan and came shortly after, doing as Will requested and filling him with the hotness of his seed. After pulling out he slumped against Will for a few moments before standing and attempting to make himself look kept in any way.

Will did the same and stood to his knees, albeit shakily. Hannibal let him use his arm to brace against.

“Would you like to come take a shower with me, Will?” He asked, planting a chaste kiss upon the profiler.

Will smiled. “Yeah, that sounds nice.”
Hannibal had been right after all. He had drawn Will’s smile correctly.

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